And ſlay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
By doing damned hate upon thy ſelfe?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt loſe?
Fie, fie, thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like an Uſurer aboundſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a forme of waxe,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man:
Thy deare love ſworne, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh:
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſſe-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-leſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet on fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What? rowſe thee man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of bleſſings light upon thy backe,
Happineſſe courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a misbehav'd and ſullen wench
Thou poutſt upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch dye miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy love, as was decree'd,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy

Than thou wentſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavie ſorrow makes them apt unto,
Romeo is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell; oh what Learning is!
My Lord, Ile tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Doe ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.
Nur. Here ſir, a ring ſhe bids me give you ſir,
Hie you, make haſte, for it growes very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.
Fri. Goe hence, good night, and here ſtands all your ſtate,
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguis'd from hence:
Sojourne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good night.
Rom. But that a joy paſt joy calls out on me,
It were a griefe ſo briefe to part with thee.
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife, and* Paris.

Cap. Things have falne out ſir ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Looke you, ſhe lov'd her Kinſman *Tibalt* dearely,
And ſo did I: well, we were borne to dye.
'Tis very late, ſhee'll not come downe to night.
I promiſe you but for your company
I would have beene a bed an houre agoe.
Paris. Theſe times of woe afford no times to wooe:
Madam good night, commend me to your daughter.
La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhe is mewed up to her heavineſſe.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes love; I thinke ſhe will be rul'd